Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgment place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepard,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne:
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this City side:
So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my honour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,

VVith

With teares augmenting the
Adding to cloudes, more clou
But all so soone as the all cheer
Should in the farthest East be
The shadie curtaines from *Aur*
Away from light steales home
And priuate in his Chamber
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes
And makes himselfe an artifici
Blacke and portendous must t
Vnlesse good counsell may th
Ben. My noble vncle doe y
Moun. I neither know it, no
Ben. Haue you importunde
Moun. Both by my selfe an
But he his own affections coun
Is to himselfe (I will not say ho
But to himselfe so secret and so
So farre from sounding and dis
As is the bud bit with an enuiou
Ere he can spread his sweete le
Or dedicate his beauty to the s
Could we but learne from whe
We would as willingly giue cu

Enter

Benu. See where he comes, s
Ile know his greeuance or be
Moun. I would thou wert s
To heare true shrift, come Mad

Benuol. Good morrow Cous
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new strooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me sad houres seem
Was that my father that went he
Ben. It was: what sadnes le

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